No. 116. The God of Abraham Praise.

"Who can show forth all His praise?"—PSALM cvi. 2.

2. The God of Abraham praise!
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At His right hand:
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power,
And Him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

3. The God of Abraham praise!
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days
In all my ways:
He calls a worm His friend!
He calls Himself my God!
And He shall save me to the end
Through Jesus' blood!

4. He by Himself hath sworn,
I on His oath depend;
I shall, on eagles' wings upborne,
To Heaven ascend;
I shall behold His face,
I shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore!

5. The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
"Hail! Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!"
They ever cry:
Hail! Abraham's God, and mine!
I join the heavenly lays;
All might and majesty are Thine,
And endless praise!

No. 117.

What a Friend We Have in Jesus!

"There is a Friend that sticketh closer that a brother."—PROV. xviii. 24.

2. Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged;
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a Friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3. Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?—
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

No. 121.

Where Hast Thou Gleaned To-day?

"The field is the world * * * and the reapers are the angels."—MATT. xiii. 38.

Question.

Where hast Thou Gleaned To-day?—*continued*

No. 122.

This I Did for Thee; What Hast Thou Done for Me?

3. "My Father's home of light,
My rainbow-circled throne,
I left for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone.
I left it all for thee:
Hast thou left aught for Me?

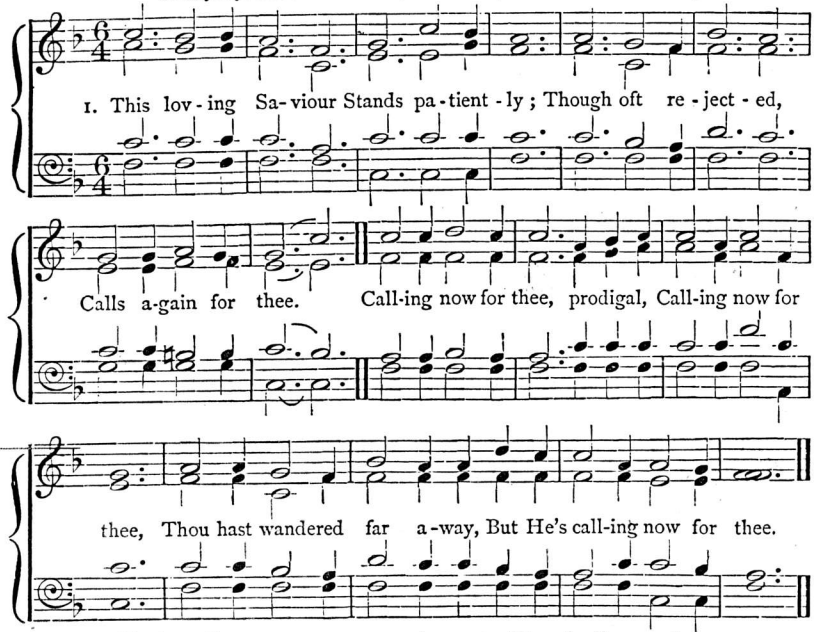
4. "I suffered much for thee,—
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,—
To rescue thee from hell.
I suffered much for thee:
What canst thou bear for Me?

5. "And I have brought to thee,
Down from my home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and My love.
Great gifts I brought to thee:
What hast thou brought to Me?"

6. Oh, let thy life be given,
Thy years for Him be spent;
World-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent.
Bring thou thy worthless all:
Follow thy Saviour's call.

No. 118. Calling Now.

"To-day if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts."—Heb. iii. 15.

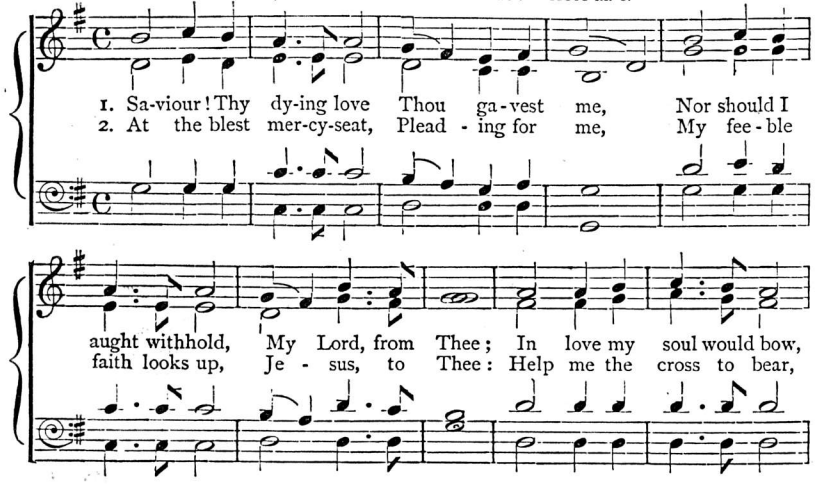


2. Oh, boundless mercy,
Free, free to all!
Stay, child of error,
Heed the tender call.

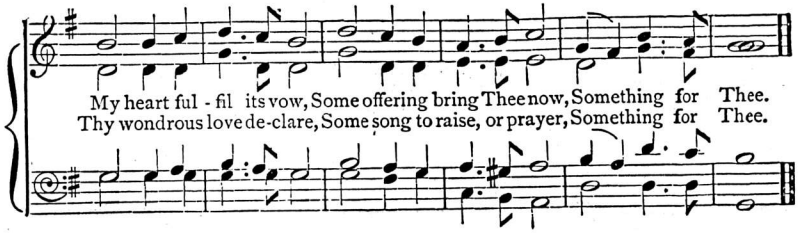
3. Though all unworthy,
Come now, come home.
Say while He's waiting,
"Jesus, Lord, I come."

No. 119. Something for Jesus.

"Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"—Acts ix. 6.



Something for Jesus—*continued.*

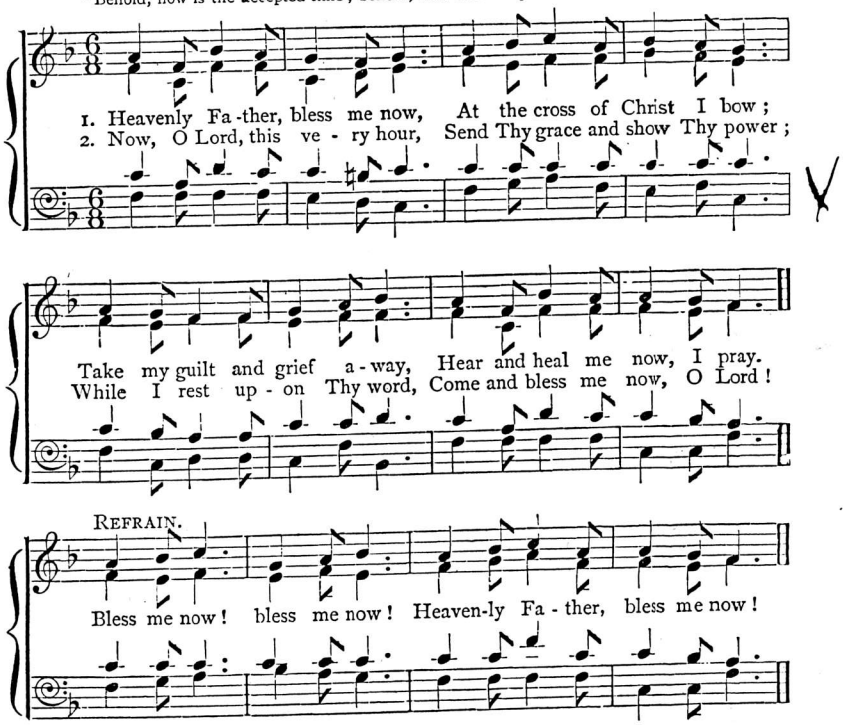


3. Give me a faithful heart—
Likeness to Thee,—
That each departing day
Henceforth may see
Some work of love begun,
Some deed of kindness done,
Some wanderer sought and won,
Something for Thee.

4. All that I am and have—
Thy gifts so free—
In joy, in grief, through life,
O Lord, for Thee!
And when Thy face I see,
My ransomed soul shall be,
Through all eternity,
Something for Thee.

No. 120. Bless Me Now.

"Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation."—2 Cor. vi. 2.



3. Now, just now, for Jesus' sake,
Lift the clouds, the fetters break;
While I look, and as I cry,
Touch and cleanse me ere I die.

4. Never did I so adore
Jesus Christ, Thy Son, before;
Now the time! and this the place!
Gracious Father, show Thy grace.

No. 123. The Light of the World.

"I am come a Light into the world."—John xii. 46.

The Light of the World—*continued.*

No. 124. The Holy Spirit.

"Three warnings: Resist not, Grieve not, Quench not."

2. O child of the kingdom,
From sin's service cease:
Be filled with the Spirit,
With comfort and peace.
Oh, *grieve* not the Spirit,—
Thy Teacher is He,—
That Jesus, thy Saviour,
May glorified be.

3. Defiled is the temple,
Its beauty laid low,
On God's holy altar
The embers faint glow.
By love yet re-kindled,
A flame may be fanned;
Oh, *quench* not the Spirit,
The Lord is at hand.

No. 125. Oh, How He Loves.

"A Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—Prov. xviii. 24.

3. Blessed Jesus! would you know Him?
Oh, how He loves!
Give yourselves entirely to Him,
Oh, how He loves!
Think no longer of the morrow,
From the past new courage borrow,
Jesus carries all your sorrow,
Oh, how He loves!

4. All your sins shall be forgiven,
Oh, how He loves!
Backward shall your foes be driven,
Oh, how He loves!
Best of blessings He'll provide you,
Nought but good shall e'er betide you,
Safe to glory He will guide you,
Oh, how He loves!

No. 126. The New Song.

"And they sung as it were a new song before the throne."—Rev. xiv. 3.

2. All these once were sinners, defiled in His sight,
Now arrayed in pure garments in praise they unite:

3. He maketh the rebel a priest and a king,
He hath bought us and taught us this new song to sing:

4. How helpless and hopeless we sinners had been,
If He never had loved us till cleansed from our sin.

5. Alone in His praises our voices shall ring,
So that others believing this new song shall sing:

No. 127. Near the Cross.

"Peace through the blood of His cross."—Col. i. 2.

3. Near the Cross ! O Lamb of God,
Bring its scenes before me ;
Help me walk from day to day,
With its shadow o'er me.

4. Near the Cross I'll watch and wait,
Hoping, trusting ever,
Till I reach the golden strand,
Just beyond the river.

No. 128. Precious Promise.

"Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises."—2 Pet. i. 4.

3. When thy secret hopes have perished
In the grave of years gone by,
Let this promise still be cherished,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

4. When the shades of life are falling,
And the hour has come to die,
Hear thy trusty Leader calling,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

No. 129. Every Day and Hour.

"Cleanse me from my sin."—PSALM li. 2.

2. Through this changing world below
Lead me gently, gently, as I go;
Trusting Thee, I cannot stray,
I can never, never, lose my way.

3. Let me love Thee more and more,
Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;
Till my soul is lost in love,
In a brighter, brighter world above.

No. 130. Come, Ye Sinners.

"Come unto Me, * * * * and I will give you rest."—MATT. xi. 28.

2. Now, ye needy, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,—
Every grace that brings you nigh,—
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

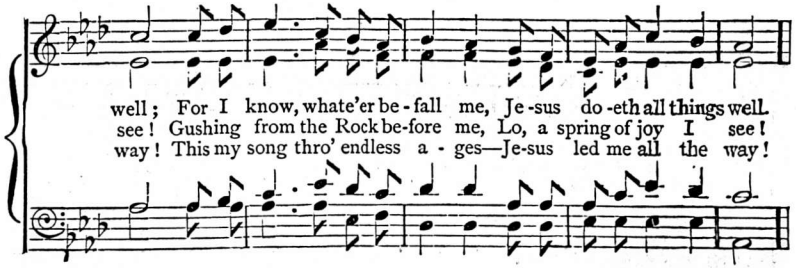
3. Let not conscience make you linger;
Nor of fitness fondly dream:
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him:
This He gives you,—
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

4. Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and ruined by the Fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous,—
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

No. 131. All the Way.

"The Lord alone did lead him."—DEUT. xxxii. 12.

All the Way—*continued.*



No. 132. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

"I will guide thee with Mine eye."—PSALM xxxii. 8.

2. Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever near Thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear;
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come!
Follow Me, I'll guide thee home."

3. When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wondering if our names are there,
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading nought but Jesus' blood;
Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come!
Follow Me, I'll guide thee home!"

No. 133. Oh to be Nothing.

"Neither is he that planteth anything, neither he that watereth."—1 Cor. iii. 7.

2. Oh to be nothing, nothing,
Only as led by His hand;
A messenger at His gateway,
Only waiting for His command.
Only an instrument ready
His praises to sound at His will;
Willing, should He not require me,
In silence to wait on Him still.

3. Oh to be nothing, nothing!
Painful the humbling may be,
Yet low in the dust I'd lay me
That the world might my Saviour see.
Rather be nothing, nothing!
To Him let their voices be raised;
He is the Fountain of blessing,
He only is meet to be praised.

No. 134. No Other Name.

Neither is there salvation in any other."—Acts iv. 12.

2. One only door of heaven
Stands open wide to-day;
One sacrifice is given,
'Tis Christ, the Living Way.

3. My only song and story
Is—Jesus died for me;
My only hope for glory,—
The Cross of Calvary.

No. 135. Yield Not to Temptation.

"God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able."—1 Cor. x. 13.

No. 136. There is Pardon for You.

"He will abundantly pardon."—Isaiah. lv. 7.

No. 137. Up with Thy Hands to Jesus.

"Hear the voice of my supplication * * * when I lift up my hands toward Thy holy oracle."—PSALM xxviii. 2.

Up with Thy Hands to Jesus—*continued.*

2. "Up with thy hands to Jesus,"
He walks upon the sea;
"Up with thy hands to Jesus,"
He stoopeth now for thee.
Say not thy hands are feeble,
Thy fingers cannot cling;
His mighty grasp shall hold thee,
And sure salvation bring.

3. "Up with thy hands to Jesus,"
He hears thy piteous cry;
"Up with thy hands to Jesus,"
No other help is nigh.
E'en now thy bark is sinking,
The billows o'er thee roll:
"Up with thy hands to Jesus,"
Oh, sinner, save thy soul.

4. "Up with thy hands to Jesus,"
He ruleth wind and wave;
"Up with thy hands to Jesus,"
His love now yearns to save.
Oh, if thou wilt but trust Him,
His help He'll quickly give:
Haste, then, no longer doubting,
"Up with thy hands," and live.

No. 138. Depth of Mercy.

"A broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise."—PSALM li. 17.

2. I have long withstood His grace,
Long provoked Him to His face;
Would not hearken to His calls,
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

3. Whence to me this waste of love?
Ask my Advocate above!
See the cause in Jesus' face,
Now before the throne of grace.

4. There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows His wounds, and spreads His hands:
God is love, I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps and loves me still.

5. If I rightly read Thy heart,
If Thou all compassion art,
Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow,
Pardon and accept me now!